



## THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beaeh an exile of ERIN ;  
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill ;  
 For his country he sigh'd, at twilight repairing,  
 " To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
 The day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion ;  
 For it rose o'er his native isle of the ocean,  
 Where oncee in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
 He sung the bold anthem of ERIN-go-bragh.

" Sad is my fate !" said the heart-broken stranger,  
 " The wild deer and wolf to a eover can flee,  
 " But I have no refuge from famine and danger ;  
 " A home and a country remain not to me.  
 " Ah ! never again in the grecn sunny bowers,  
 " Where my forefathers liv'd shall I spend the sweet hours ;  
 " Or eover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
 " And strike to the numbers of ERIN-go-bragh !

" ERIN, my country ! tho' sad and forsaken,  
 " In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;  
 " But, ah ! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
 " And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more !  
 " Alas ! eruel fate, wilt thou never replace me  
 " In a mansion of peace, where no perils chase me !  
 " But never again shall my brothers embrace me !  
 " They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

" Where is my eabin door, fast by the wild wood ?  
 " Lov'd sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall ?  
 " Where, where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?  
 " And where is the bosom-friend dearer than all.  
 " My heart, my sad heart long abandon'd by pleasure !  
 " Ah ! why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure !  
 " My tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure ;  
 " But rapture, and beauty, ean never recall.

" Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,  
 " One last dying wish my lone bosom can draw :  
 " ERIN ! a poor exile bequeaths thee his blessing,  
 " Dear land of my forefathers, ERIN-go-bragh !  
 " When buried and eold, when my heart stills its motion,  
 " Fertile be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean !  
 " And thy harp-striking bards, aloud with devotion  
 " Still sing, ERIN, mavournin, ERIN-go-bragh !"

# The exile of Erin.

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Air Erin-go-bragh.

Larghetto

There came to the beach an exile of Erin; The dew on his  
thin robe was heavy and chill; For his country he sigh'd, at twilight repairing, To  
wander a lone by the wind beaten hill. The day star attract'd his  
eye's sad devotion; For it rose o'er his native isle of the ocean, Where  
once, in the fire of his youthful emotion, He sung the bold Anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

The musical score consists of five staves of handwritten musical notation. The first staff is in common time, G clef, with a tempo marking of 'Larghetto'. The second staff is in common time, C clef. The third staff is in common time, D clef. The fourth staff is in common time, C clef. The fifth staff is in common time, C clef. The notation includes various note heads, stems, and rests, with some markings like 'h' and 'r' above the staff lines.